

Waco Examiner

My Dog.

Dog and my heart died with him! Buried him in the hills there! Gone forever and ever.

No longer my life to share!

For a dog's love only?

Yet the bitter tears!

Weary, and heartsick, and lonely.

I turn to the coming years.

Something that always loved me!

Something that could trust!

Something that never soothed me.

Is mortifying them still,

Kind, and faithful, and noble—

Patient, and tender, and brave—

My best friend living—

And this is his lonely grave.

I go to my lonely chamber—

And linger before the door—

There once was a loving welcome—

I shall listen for that no more!

I shall listen for that no more!

And lend my head on my hand—

The best of my wayward nature—

Lies low with the Newfoundlands!

One plank—when the ship was sinking,

In a wild and stormy sea—

One plank—when the sun darkened,

Was the love of my dog to me?

A plank that will never longer—

A plank that has missed my hand;

A plank that has missed my hand;

No watcher is on the strand.

I stood on my sunny uplands,

This beautiful Autumn morn—

The crimsoned-leaf maple o'er me,

Frosting the golden corn!

I stood on my sunny uplands—

It sings as it sang of yore—

But the faithful eyes that watched it!

Will answer to mine no more!

Over those sunny uplands,

And under the breezy hill,

I stand on the depths of woodland,

Lonely and silent still—

Silent and lonely always.

I stand on the depths of woodland,

But the love of my dog to me?

A plank that will never longer—

A plank that has missed my hand;

A plank that has missed my hand;

No watcher is on the strand.

Oh, well may the Indian hunter

Lie calm on his couch of death,

When the pain of this world begins,

And the joy of the next begins!

Under blue skies of your prairies,

Will not his soul be at peace?

Answer his call once more!

Bugs hunting grounds of the red man

Came to dress the dream!

Such are the joys of death!

But waits till I cross the stream!

Waits with a faithful warning,

With a call to pain—

Till in some leavened hour,

He bemoans to my feet again,

John Jamieson, M. D., in Pacific Life.

MANURING FRUIT TREES.—The editor of the Germantown Telegraph strongly advocates manuring orchards. He says: A top dressing of almost anything applied in the spring or fall will work wonders. For spring, fine dressing should be applied, either of ashes, wood ash or road scrapings, washings from ditches, pulverized manure, or commercial fertilizers. In the fall, compost or barn-yard manures are to be preferred. Farmers who hesitate to enrich their orchards, should inform themselves on the subject from successful fruit growers, not only as to the mode of manuring their orchards, but also to the best varieties of apples, for the locality, as some varieties, like in pears, will do much better in one locality than another, though the distance may be only a few miles.

TOOLS ON THE FARM.—When farmers are in the city this fall, laying in their supplies, they should get a set of tools. No farm can run properly without them. There is always something to mend, and if mend at once will save much trouble and expense. A good farmer should always keep his eyes open to see where repairs are needed. Implements, gates, fences, doors, partitions, and a hundred other things need watchful attention. Then, in stormy weather, many needed things can be made if one has good tools. The boys will learn to be handy with them, and their mechanical talent can be exercised. There are also portable forces to be had, and they are useful on every farm. Every good farmer ought to be able to show his own horses. Horses of various sizes can be bought cheap, and any man of good judgement can nail them on. There is generally too much cutting and burning done by blacksmiths. A good rasp is about all that is needed. Get a good level bearing on the hoof, and nail on the shoe. Any one that can drive a nail in a plank, can learn to drive and clinch it in a horse's hoof. Never cut away the frog or the bars. These keep the hoof spread and healthy and prevent contraction of the foot.

CARE OF POULTRY.—The care that poultry is entitled to, to make it profitable, is not near so much as one would think. It is just like any other business—it needs daily attention, not only one day in the month, but each and every day.

If you expect a cow to be profitable, you attend to feeding her regularly, give her good, comfortable quarters, to protect her from cold, storms, etc.

Now the poultry should have as favorable treatment as any other stock. Construct houses, not too large, as you will permit too many to crowd together. They should be about eight feet wide and sixteen feet long, to accommodate each a flock of fifty fowls, fronting to the south, with large windows, so placed that the fowls may enjoy as much sunlight as possible. Have it perfectly tight and dry, excepting means for ample ventilation, without a possibility of a direct draft reaching the fowls at night after going to roost. A fowl will take cold while asleep as easily as a person. Keep the roosting apartment clean; sprinkle a little air-slacked lime and dry ashes under the perch; have the house thoroughly whitewashed inside three or four times a year.

So that they have free access to plenty of pure, fresh water at all times; don't force them to drink the drainage from the barn-yard; many cases of cholera have been caused by this. A few drops of sulphate of iron put in their drinking vessels occasionally will be a benefit. Sprinkle the perches with coal oil and scatter sulphur in their nests and sawdust boxes. Many fowls die from severe colds received by roosting in exposed places. Of course every fowl that dies, it is said, had the cholera, when probably half of them were affected in this way.—*Poultry Argus*.

THICK AND THIN SOWING OF SEEDS.—A writer in an old number of the American Agriculturist says: "We have made repeated experiments between thick and thin sowing, in different soils, and find that four quarts of clover seed will produce as good a stand in a rich, friable limestone soil, as twenty-four or thirty-two quarts will on a stiff clay soil." In grass seeds the difference is not so great. Grain, however, requires about double the quantity of seed for a stiff clay over what is required in a rich, friable limestone soil."

EARLY SORGHUM CULTIVATION.—Believing that accounts of the

small and feeble beginnings of any great providential supply, will be interesting to the great majority of readers, I venture to state briefly the first steps taken in introducing the culture of sorghum and imphene syrup and sugar in the great West—and, I might add, in these United States. I am, and was, well acquainted with the two persons who were at the beginning of the long line in Iowa—believed to be the State where the first culture ran into the first successful manufacture.

Gen. Wm. Daune Wilson, now deceased, was editing and printing and agricultural paper, *The Iowa Homestead*. I believe, when the Agricultural Division of the Patent Office, before that Division was created or raised into a "Department," received some sorghum seed from China. It was duly noticed and lauded as "Chinese sugar cane," and when General Wilson, I think, sent for, and certainly received a few small packages of the seed. A short time previous to this, a modest unassuming little woman, accustomed to use her pen, began writing for the "Homestead" *pro bono publico*, or "free gratis, for nothing"; and her articles were properly appreciated, and further contributions encouraged by such means and tokens as were in the ability of the poor paid editor and printer—principally by sending her some exchanges and praises. But when the sorghum seed came, he somehow thought it might be acceptable to his fair correspondent; and so in the season a package came to her that had been sent to Mrs. Caroline A. Soule, at Home, from General Wilson, of Des Moines. She sent out the few other packages he had received, but I believe never heard of the fate of any but this one—probably the receivers voting the whole affair a *non-sensical* humbug!

Mrs. Soule examined the broomcorn looking seeds, and concluded to try them fairly. With her own hands she laboriously prepared a generous sized bed in her garden, where, by aid of her children, she planted the seeds and carefully cultivated the growing stalks. When she supposed them ripe enough, she and her little boy cut them down and in due season cut them up into short pieces with table knives, pounded and rolled till well bruised with a rolling pin, and pressed out the juice by some similar household contrivance. Boiling into a syrup was a more familiar process, and as she had "hit the exact time," for harvesting the sorghum, it was a success. The new "syrup" and "flaxers" were so gratified that all the seed saved was in demand, and sorghum culture and manufacture was established in Iowa and the great west through the enterprise of Gen. Wilson and Mrs. Soule.

If you would know the immensity of benefit that began, come down a few years later, when the civil war cut off all trade with our sugar producing regions in the South, and, by "risks of war," enhanced the cost of sugar and molasses even on the Atlantic coast, four and five hundred per cent. Add to these enormous prices the cost of transportation to the West, by animal power instead of steam, in many cases for twenty-five, and even one hundred miles of wagons, and you may well imagine how little "sweetening" would have been in all those various and vast sections had it not been for sorghum. Had this seed not been procured by General Wilson, and utilized by Mrs. Soule, (now editor of the *Guiding Star*, a children's paper in Cincinnati, Ohio), it might have been several years before sorghum had been manufactured in the West, and the rebellion would probably have found all that vast region utterly unprovided with any substitute for the same sugar and molasses of the South.

I can close this article without troubling those who would utt rly abolish our sometimes badly managed Department of Agriculture, that the country can not afford to do without it. This single article, introduced by the Government, has already more than paid for all the during the civil strife of a few years. The West alone would have paid in money and in suffering far more than the Department has experienced and wasted during its whole existence. Tear down and destroy the hornets' nest, if you will; drive out all drones, wasps and hornets, if you can; but do not burn down the barn.

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